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BUCK FANSHAW'S METHOD.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW, talking of the Steel Trust investigation, said: "The world has learned by experience that unlimited competition is the surest route to monopoly. I know of my own knowledge that if there had been no combination in steel, Carnegie would have had a monopoly."

Of that sort of philosophy it may be said it is as clear as blue mud. But we understand from it that Mr. Morgan secured competition by putting an end to competition and established monopoly only for the purpose of preventing monopoly.

The system is not new. Mark Twain has told how Buck Fanshaw stopped a row in Virginia City by killing three men and knocking over half a dozen others before any row was started. It will also be recalled that in the days of his prime Napoleon used to avoid attack by the simple process of getting there first.

Mr. Depew may be quite right in saying, "I know of my own knowledge Carnegie would have had a monopoly," and the rest of us know that Morgan has one, but does any one know for certain that we have gained by the substitution?

THE MILITARY SPIRIT.

GEN. WOOD'S suggestion that young men of the colleges submit themselves to a six-months' discipline in the army has not been received with enthusiasm. It is not likely to spread over the country like the "Boy Scout" movement, nor to find any such companioning enterprise as "The Girl Guides." Though perhaps were the new graduates of Barnard and Vassar and the like to lead the way, there might be some enlistments of youth for the summer at least.

But a curious side light is thrown upon the question of militarism in this country in the report from Washington that there are no applicants for forty vacancies in West Point cadetships, though the time for examinations is less than a month distant. The report adds: "There are almost one hundred vacancies with no applicants in the class to enter in 1912."

West Point has so many advantages as a place of education, it confers so much prestige, social and political, as well as military, upon its graduates that this neglect of its opportunities is one of the oddest phases of the life of our time. Once applicants for admission were so numerous and so eager they crowded upon one another. They even bid money for appointments, and in some instances there were serious scandals in connection with them.

Gen. Wood had better find a way of filling West Point before trying to start a military boom in the universities.

A BANQUET RELIGION.

UNDER the title "Men and Religion Forward Movement" a new effort toward religious unity and political purity has been started on its career. It was launched and announced at a banquet at the Hotel Astor, and eight hundred prominent citizens were present to share in the feast and indorse the programme.

Movements toward harmonizing religious differences are not new to our time, nor to our town. But the launching of such a movement at a hotel banquet is a novelty. Speeches took the place of sermons, there were toasts instead of prayers, and such music as sounded forth was not that of Psalm singing.

It is evident we are to have a distinct, up to date, new movement. And it is a rational movement. Men are much more likely to agree at a banquet than at any church service. Where there is no altar nor priest, there is neither dogma nor heresy.

Commissioner Fosdick told the new movementers he wishes to see the inculcation of a religion that will prompt its votaries not only to applaud civic patriotism and honest politics, but to avoid temptations to sell worthless soil to Central Park or to get soft jobs for relatives under the city government. If the wish be achieved, the banquet boom will have done more good than any ecumenical council known to history. Success to it.

A FORGOTTEN RESOLVE.

WHEN the last breezes of a lingering April were lightly dancing on the purple waves of the sea, or loitering along the violet scented lanes of the parks, a number of high and mighty hotel men got together, and forecasting the coming of summer, when the city would be deserted by its inhabitants, they resolved to make New York the greatest summer resort in America. Some said the greatest in the world.

Summer has come. Aristocracy has betaken itself to the coronation. Sport has gone to the seaside or to the mountains, culture has graduated its classes and forsaken the universities, romance is seeking gold or girls in fashionable far off places, and there is nobody in town but a few folks and some strangers.

But where now are all those fine, world-famous attractions that were to make us as gay as Paris and draw to us the bright and the beautiful from Passamaquoddy, from San Diego and from all the towns and cities between the two?

Alas, the promise of a summer time of shows was based upon a hope of retaining Madison Square Garden. And that hope has faded with the April violets and gone with the April winds. Still, the weather is good, the water is fine, the city is ample, and something might yet be done to make New York as attractive to strangers in summer as in winter.

Letters From the People

Wants To Be a Motorman.

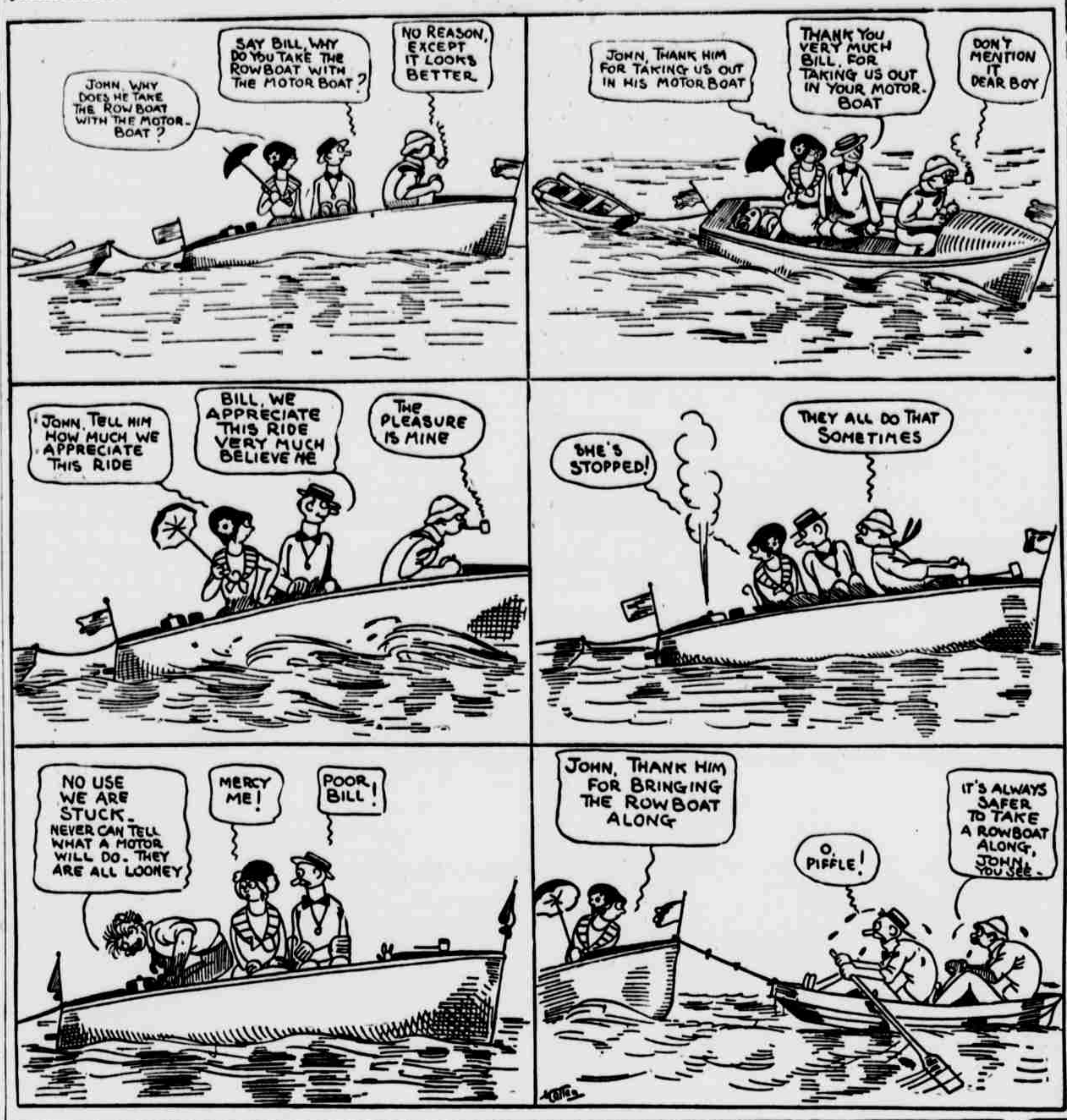
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I think this will interest other job hunters. Can any experienced reader explain how a man obtains a position as motorman in subway or on the elevated? I mean, does a man have to start in as ticket chopper, brakeman, gateman or in some such position and work up to motorman by promotion?

MOTORMAN, Providence, R. I.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Listen! Mrs. Jarr Has Had Most Wonderful Dream, All About--Goodness Knows What It Was About!

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I AM not superstitious, neither do I believe in premonition," said Mrs. Jarr, as the family settled itself for breakfast.

This remark was apropos of nothing in particular, and Mr. Jarr might have sensed that it was but the prelude to some more startling information. But without thinking, he interrupted her by asking for another cup of coffee.

Mrs. Jarr served the coffee and began again:

"I am not superstitious"—

"Maw, can't I have some coffee, too?" interposed the little boy.

"You cannot!" replied the fond mother firmly. "Drink your milk and do not play with your spoon in it!"

Here the boy began to whimper and kick his heels against his chair, not kicking swiftly and spitefully but slowly and petulantly and all the more annoyingly.

"For goodness' sake! Give the boy some coffee!" cried Mr. Jarr. "I was raised on it. It didn't hurt me and it won't hurt him!"

"It does nothing to improve the manners when given to the young, evidently," said Mrs. Jarr cuttingly.

"The lack of it doesn't improve Willie's!" snorted Mr. Jarr. "But whether you give him any coffee or not make him stop kicking the table. It gets on my nerves!"

"All the coffee YOU drink gets on your nerves," said Mrs. Jarr. "Coffee isn't good for anybody (Mrs. Jarr's favorite tipple was tea) and my children shan't be coffee drunkards."

So saying, she took the coffee pot and poured about two teaspoonfuls of the decoction of the coffee berry into Master Jarr's glass of milk. It had the splendid effect of making the milk look as though it were rich and healthful.

"I want toffee, I want toffee!" cried the little girl, looking around for something to throw on the floor in case she were refused.

"Your example is just ruining these children's health, to say nothing of their manners," said Mrs. Jarr reproachfully to the head of the house. And—anything for a quiet life—she poured a microscopic quantity of coffee into little Miss Jarr's milk.

"As I was going to say," Mrs. Jarr went on—

"What a nasty little bit!" wailed Miss Jarr. "Willie's dot more toffee in his'n!"

"That I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in premonition," continued the patient mother, as she added three more drops of coffee to Miss Jarr's milk, thereby mollifying that young lady for the time being.

"Eh?" asked Mr. Jarr, looking up from the morning newspaper.

"Well, I do declare!" cried Mrs. Jarr almost tearfully. "The only time I do see you is at the table, and then your nose is stuck in the newspaper! Willie, take that paper from your papa!"

Mr. Jarr meekly resigned it and Mrs. Jarr, folding it without her eye falling upon any scandal story, marriage in high life or dry goods advertisement, sat upon it.

"I was going to tell you about a very curious and most impressive dream I had last night," said Mrs. Jarr reassuredly. "If any one here only had respect enough to listen to poor Mama when she does open her mouth. I dreamed"—

"By George! That reminds me of a dream I had," spoke up the unthinking husband and father, "I dreamed"—

"I had dreams of bloody bones in graves all night," said dear little Master Jarr sweetly.

"Oh!" cried the little girl. "Willie scares me wif skelingtons an' I dweam"—

"And I dreamed Coney Island burned down," interrupted the boy; "then we went to Glen Island and I went in swimming and——"

He was aroused from the recital of his fervid vision by a resounding slap.

"You are the rudest child I ever saw!" declared Mrs. Jarr, the author of the corrective blow. "How dare you interrupt your mother when she's speaking?"

"Willie don't have nice dweams like I do," said little Miss Jarr, the angel child. "I dweam I am dood to my mamma and she dives me ice tream and fi' centses to see the movin' pictures, 'cause I have lovely dweams about flowers and doll babies and fairies. Ain't I a dood 'ittle girl, mamma?"

"You are—NOT!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically. "I never saw such children! Now I want both of you to drink your milk and eat your oatmeal and keep quiet! As I was saying, I dreamed I was walking along a lonely place," (this last was directed at Mr. Jarr) "when suddenly——"

"Oh, great gosh!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Look at the clock! I'm late!"

And he rushed away.

"What's the use of anything?" sighed poor Mrs. Jarr.

And she slapped the children again, just to relieve her feelings.

In the Tall Timber

Can YOU Answer These Questions?

Are You a New Yorker? Then What Do You Know About Your Own City?

THE EVENING WORLD'S series of New York questions continue to interest everybody. Hundreds of people ask for missing numbers in order to keep the entire set as an encyclopedia of their home city. How many of the following queries can you answer? The replies will be printed in Wednesday's Evening World.

141—Why was Hanover Square left in its present form?

142—How many languages were spoken in olden New York and what was the official language?

143—When did Broadway receive its name, and how far north did it then extend, and what was the upper portion of it called?

144—Where, in lower Manhattan Island, was Fort George situated?

145—What were the former names of Cedar street and Exchange place?

Here are the answers to last Friday's questions:

136—Louis Philippe (afterward King of France) is said to have taught school in New York City.

137—Aaron Burr first applied to George Washington the nickname "Father of his Country."

138—Central Park has nineteen "gates." They are officially called the Scholar's, Artist's, Artisan's, Merchant's, Woman's, Hunter's, Mariner's, All Saints', Boy's, Stranger's, Student's, Children's, Miner's, Engineer's, Woodman's, Girl's, Pioneer's, Farmer's and Warrior's Gates.

139—The New York Historical Society was organized in the Picture Room of the old Wall street City Hall in 1804.

140—New York City's first bank was the "Bank of New York," at No. 156 Queen (Pearl) street; established 1784.

The Day's Good Stories

The Bellboy Ethics

JONES had passed a weary night. The strange hotel bed, the passing trains, the midnight cats and morning cocks had all contributed to his restlessness, and it was not until 7.30 o'clock that he fell into his first really comfortable doze.

Bang! Bang!

He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the "boots" rapping at his door.

"Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"A telegram, sir," replied the boots, in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy."

"I can't do that, sir," replied the boots, anxiously. "It's on a tray" [illegible]

What He Needed.

UPON the floor lay a glittering sovereign. The shopman was busy at the counter. No one else was by.

Quivering with excitement, Jimmy Slant dropped his glove upon the spot, and then casually stooped to gather up his fallen gauntlet. But his hand was trembling so violently that he fumbled, missed the coin and rose, with the glove alone clasped in his digits.

He dropped his glove again. He stooped again. He failed again.

As he was about to make his third effort to pick up the elusive gold piece, the voice of the shopman sounded above him.

"May I sell you a bottle of this, sir?"

"Er—what is it?" inquired Slant, with his eye upon his glove.

"Liquid glue, sir," replied the shopman blandly [illegible]

GOING to the coronation?

Thousands of people who can afford it have gone or are going. Also thousands who can't.

This series will tell the stay-at-homes more about the coronation than many of the great ceremonial's visitors will see or hear.

Even in a republic it is interesting to read how a monarchy bestows the supreme honors on the man who "reigns but no longer rules."

No. 1 The Crowning of Old-Time Kings.

WHEN a British King dies his heir becomes at once King in his place. At the dying monarch's last breath the new sovereign's reign begins. But the ceremony of formal coronation is postponed until after the long period of court mourning is over and until the thousand and one details needed for the great occasion can be prepared.

For a dozen big stage spectacles and an inauguration combined do not require half the preparation, tedious work, forethought, rehearsing and costuming that go to make up one coronation.

And in spite of all this planning and expense there have been few coronations during which some gross or absurd blunder has not been made. At the coronation of George III. there were so many mistakes that the spectators were in a broad grin. After the ceremony was over the King sent for Lord Effingham, who was responsible for the arrangements, and gave him an angry rebuke. Effingham meekly replied that "at the next coronation he would try to do better." As there could be no "next coronation" until after the King's death, the reply did not do much toward soothing the royal temper.

The Origin of Coronations.

Coronations date back to Bible days, and many of the forms and rules observed then are still in use in England and elsewhere. Of old a king had life-and-death power over his people. In choosing him they were choosing a master who could help or ruin them—a man who could at will build up or wreck the nation; who could make his subjects' lives miserable or happy.

So when they accepted such a ruler the people wished a guarantee and pledge from him that he would govern them justly and would place their welfare above all else. Hence the coronation oath had its origin. Kings were believed to be chosen for nations by the direct will of God. Therefore the ceremony took on a religious tone, and the high priest or some other holy man (acting as God's earthly representative) anointed the new ruler with consecrated oils.

To secure a smooth reign and to guard against rebellion the people's spokesmen were required to swear loyalty to the monarch. (Though many broke their oaths, the plan had its advantages.) All these old customs and many others continue in some form up to the present day, although the need for most of them is long since past.

To-day, luckily, a British King no longer has the power to ruin his country. And as for his ruling by "divine right"—the last King of England who claimed that "right" lost both his crown and his head.

The first English King's coronation of which full record has been kept was that of Richard I. (Lion Heart), who spoke no word of English, who spent almost none of his time in England, and who used his country chiefly as a means to supply him with money for his foreign wars. (He once even went so far as to "pawn" the entire kingdom for this purpose.)

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the highest peer of the realm, except members of the royal family, and who has crowned every English sovereign since 1066, officiated at Richard's coronation. The King entered Westminster Abbey with a throng of his nobles, the Earl of Chester bearing the crown. The crown was laid on the altar and Richard took the usual oath to spend his life in protecting and caring for his people. Then came a long series of services, which included the placing of the heavy crown upon the King's brow. His head up to this time had been covered by a consecrated cap of linen. The Archbishop anointed him in six places, the forehead, the hands, &c., each touch of the holy oil having a special symbolic meaning.

A Ceremony That Made People Faint.

After the coronation Richard got away from England as quickly as he could and gave little more thought to his responsibilities there.

Through the centuries that followed, the ceremonies became longer and more spectacular. At last it took six hours to crown a sovereign. Some of the kings were not strong enough to stand such a strain. Richard II., for instance, was so worn out by it all that he could not stand; he had to be carried back to his palace on the shoulders of four noblemen. Spectators used to faint by the dozen. At one coronation a knight was trampled to death by the crowd.

George IV. was so fatigued by the long service, the torrid weather and the vast weight of royal robes, regalia and other insignia that he got away from the Abbey as soon as he could. His courtiers found him later pacing up and down his dressing room, calling for something cool to drink and wearing nothing except the crown he had waited so many weary years to inherit.

(THE NEXT ARTICLE WILL DESCRIBE STRANGE CUSTOMS AND SCENES AT OTHER CORONATIONS.)

A Prospectus's Offer.

THE prospectus of the international hygiene exhibition, which will be held in Dresden from May till November this year, contains pictures of the large and beautiful buildings which have been erected in the city park, and gives an outline of the "comprehensive and universal exhibition" for which they have been erected. The exhibits are "to promote two objects—first, to present to the hygienic specialists, physicians, administrative officers, state functionaries, teachers, engineers and political economists the results of the latest hygienic investigations, and, second, to impart hygienic instruction to the people, and thus strengthen in the masses the sentiment for health and hygiene."

The May Manton Fashions

Girl's One-Piece Bloomers—Pattern No. 7041.

BLOOMERS are much liked for little girls' undergarments. They can be made to match the dress or of different material. These are perfectly simple, each leg portion being made in one piece. They can be seamed to the under body or attached to it by means of buttons and buttonholes.

The bloomers consist of the two-leg portions that are cut in one piece each. The under body is made with front and backs. Whether they are seamed together or joined by means of buttons and buttonholes, the closing is made at the back.

For a girl of eight years of age will be required 1 7-8 yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide for the bloomers, 1-2 yard 36 inches wide for the under body.

Pattern No. 7041 is cut in sizes for girls of four, six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns	Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., 132 E. Twenty-third street, N. Y. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.